

EATING AGAIN ON DECK.

The annual universal interest in the grand old game of eating is being renewed by a number of contests. A few days ago, a contest was held at the Grand Rapids Hotel, in which a number of the city's best eaters took part. The contest was held in the dining room, and the eaters were seated at a long table. The food was served in a special way, and the eaters were given a certain amount of time to eat as much as they could. The contest was a success, and the eaters were well rewarded for their efforts.

I have seen every prominent eater since professional baseball was first played, and am prepared to say, without hesitation, that Ewing is the greatest eater in the world. He has eaten more than any other man in the world, and he has done it in a very short time. He is a true champion, and he is a true hero.

When in 1890 Ewing's arm failed him, the wise men of the press wagged their heads and asked their fears that he would never again find a substitute for his displayed skill as a star-eater and those wonderful unparallelled snap-throws. Months passed and lifeless appearances during that, and partial failures when he did appear, seemed to confirm those fears. When last spring he started out as a first baseman for the New York club, the patrons of the game, everywhere, held a belief that they had seen the last of Ewing as a catcher. Then it transpired that Ewing the first baseman was almost as unpopular as Ewing the catcher had been popular.

Without any previous post-mortem announcement he should himself in the arms of the modern catcher in the first game of the late Brooklyn New York series and faced the criticism of all the players in the country. Twenty minutes after Ewing's first catch he had "played ball" the public had heard of him, and he was back in the game. He had been "nailed" his first and that great base runner, John M. Ward, in an attempt to steal second.

The good work in that play was repeated many times during the game, and the next, by which time the players of the game all over the country were informed that the king of eaters had "come back to earth." Ewing's own joy at his recovery must have been nearly as great as that of the father of the prodigal son. "For the first time in my life," he said, "I have no doubt that I will willingly have killed a fatted calf to commemorate the event had I owned such a thing."

The result can hardly be estimated in its general effect upon the game. It is the most promising surprise of the season. His work behind the bat in support of Rube, Crane and King will greatly strengthen the New York team.

Pitcher Mullane's second misunderstanding with his club is probably beyond adjustment, and the end of the matter is that the pitcher will leave the club, which in importance will overshadow that brought by Burns against the Pittsburgh club. Mullane will probably not only lose the Cincinnati club under his first contract for salary, but he may lose the National League and American League, through President Young, to recover damages. If he does the case will be sensational.

Mullane estimates that under the ten days' option clause in his contract his club had a right to release him without cause. The option clause in the contract provides that he will make his first game on the grounds that before he was released his club entered into a conspiracy with the other eleven League clubs whereby it was intended to compel him to return to the Cincinnati club at a reduced salary. As a proof of the alleged conspiracy he may point out that though he is recognized as one of the most desirable pitchers in the country, and though numerous clubs were openly expressing anxiety to secure good pitchers at almost any price, he could not, after his release, even get a reply from any one of the other eleven clubs, to all of whom he tendered his services.

If the suit is brought the court might appoint a referee. Young under a team does, and thus bring into evidence the signed agreement of the Cincinnati club to the Pittsburgh club, which pledged every club to refrain from negotiating with certain players who might be released for the purpose of reducing salaries. Mullane's lawyers claim that such a conspiracy violated the option clause of Mullane's contract. They further assert that the act of conspiracy is criminal and could be punished as such.

Therefore it may be seen how universally important Mullane's suit or suits will become if they are brought and pushed to trial.

Very lately there was a conference in Chicago of a few magnates, the outcome of which is significant. They agreed that the season this year began too early; that April baseball games are dangerous and unprofitable. They proposed that next year the League should curtail the season, reduce the number of championship games and make the season six months' duration instead of seven, as at present. It is a question of the twelve months that are not used.

Whether such a move would help to pull down salaries is doubtful, but that is its purpose.

Ex-Manager Barnie's experience as a back-slasher was a rough one. This hard position, he says, is not for the faint-hearted. He says that he has learned a great deal from his experience, and that he is now a better man than he was when he first started out.

The famous futurity. On Saturday, the 25th day of August, will be the most notable race in the world. It will be the first time in the history of the world that a horse will be raced in the city of Grand Rapids. The race will be held at the Grand Rapids Hotel, and the winner will be the first horse to be raced in the city.

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THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE.

The Futurity stake will be worth \$75,000, having last year's stake by at least \$20,000. Nothing of the kind has ever been known in the racing history of England and in this country. Such stakes as those of the future champions, Brooklyn, Lexington, Saratoga, and Omaha, which are the most notable after the Futurity, seldom exceed \$5,000.

There was the unusual number of 622 entries for this year's Futurity, and only about twenty possible starters are on the books, and it is very probable that the field when the horse calls the horses to the post will not exceed twelve candidates.

The reason there are so few starters out of such a host of entries is not strange when the conditions of the entries are considered. Most of the entries, if not all, are made before the colts are foaled, and a matter of two and three years from entry to start makes it a lottery of no small chance.

Among the probable starters of the well known "yearlings" in the race are the following: Van Nise, Morelo, John Hunter, Loveland, M. F. Dwyer's Hamlet, Fort Hall, Keene's Belladonna, and Chevalier, Burdick's Simmons, Walcott and Campbell's Eagle, and Blinn's Lady Violet. Century and Claretta, Marcus Daly's Shell, Tuttle and Delany's Empire stable's Comanche, E. A. Elbert's Sir Francis, Fred Gehlman's Elmo colt and J. A. and A. H. Morris' Frodo and Lifeboat. It is possible that St. Michael may start, and if he does he will be second choice in the betting.

A great deal of regret is expressed because Don Alonso, the winner of the Junior Champion stakes, is not eligible for the reason that he was not entered. The western people believe that either the Johnson colt or Van Nise could walk away with the big stake if they were starters. It is, however, a notable fact that no prominent western 2-year-old is among the 622 entries for this year's race, though the Futurity stake was carried off by a western colt.

Morelo will undoubtedly go to the post a prime favorite in the betting. He is a very large, brown colt, with a long stride, and though he has never won a stake, he has carried off more than a half score of rich purses this year. Morelo is weak on a circular track, because he invariably loses ground in the turns, but on a straightaway course, such as that over which the Futurity is run, he is fast from start to finish, and he is equally good comparatively to a fast or slow track.

Colt is the regular jockey for Morelo's stable, but it is not likely that Mr. Van Nise will trust his great chance for the rich stake to Colton's riding. A more experienced rider will be sent to ride the colt, and he will be a half score of rich purses this year. The eastern racegoers would like to see Garrison up on Morelo, but he is probably due to ride Comanche or out of Marcus Daly's entries.

Morelo has never been penalized by reason of his not being a stake winner, and he should not be weighted over 115 pounds. If St. Michael starts, he will have to carry at least 125 pounds.

The Futurity was originated in 1888, or rather for that year, by James G. K. Lawrence, president of the New York and Kentucky clubs. It was a novel idea, which required all entries to be made before the colts were foaled, and that gave the race its name "The Futurity." The first race was run in 1888, the stake amounting to \$50,000. It was won by Proctor Knott, the great Kentucky colt.

In the east, he first won at the Saratoga meeting. Thence he went to Monmouth park and captured the Junior Champion stakes. That made him a hot favorite in the pools for the Futurity, and he won without much trouble.

In 1890 the stake increased to \$50,000, and was won by Potomac, whose stable mate took second money. Last year the stake swelled to \$75,000, and was carried off by Sir Francis.

The owner of the winner this year will have a great advantage over previous winners. Heretofore all entrance fees where the horse was declared or did not start had to be collected by the winner. This year a new rule prevails whereby the money must be paid into the association, and until it is paid the owner of the defaulting candidate is barred from the track. Therefore the owner of the winner stands a good chance to get the full value of the stake without any after collecting business.

Among those named above as possible starters some will surely be scratched before the call to the post, because there are a few in the field who are entirely out of class.

The race will be run over the straight course. The distance is about three-quarters of a mile. It will be seen that most of the contestants for the Junior Champion stakes, Don Alonso being a notable exception, are named as being from the big east.

WHY HE LIKES DUDES.

We had stopped at a railroad station on the Peconic river, and many of the passengers were walking up and down the long platform. Among them was a dapper young man who excited considerable ridicule from the dozen rough fellows hanging about. One of them finally said something about "chawing him up," when an old man in the gang raised his hand and said:

"That's enough, boys; don't go any further."

"What's it to you?" demanded the other.

"A heap, I reckon! It's too much to me that I'll do a little shooting on that fellow's account if he needs be."

The two men looked menacingly at each other, and for twenty seconds it appeared to me that they were about to fight. Then the younger one walked away, growling as he went, leaving the old man to his own devices.

"Would you have fought for the dapper?" I asked when the strain had been released.

"Sure!" he grimly answered.

"But you don't know him."

"No, and probably never shall, but he sort of reminds me of a little circumstance that happened seven or eight years ago. I had a ranch up on the Peconic plains, and a dude came out from New York city to visit a neighbor of mine. He was just such a hound as this chap. He had soft hands, a woman's way of talking, and I looked him over and made up my mind that a Texas baby three years old could give him pointers. Why, damn it, if he didn't wear white shirts and socks and play the piano! I tried to be civil to him, but he was a stranger, and he beat me down with his soft hands and his soft words. I never looked at him without thinking of snuff and tobacco."

"Well, after he'd been out there 'bout three months, Jim and me went out one day to look some stray cowboys. The first thing we knew we got a volley from a lot of Indians who had been loose from the reservation. Jim was hit in the shoulder, but fortunately carried off by his horse, who was a fast one. I looked for a kick in the head and reached it without a scratch. Then, seeing my eyes were swollen, I saw that Jim could speak. I had a Winchester and plenty of

cartridges, and during the first hour I wounded one and killed another. Then I got a chunk of lead through this right arm and began to feel a bit nervous as to how it would turn out. I wiped a bullet into another, and in return I got this rake along the skull. It wasn't ten minutes after that left leg began to feel powerful and weak, and I just reckoned that my scalp was going to make an ornament on some red critter's belt."

"But you still stood them off?"

"As well as able, but the end would have come in about fifteen minutes more. The last three or four shots I fired I was so blind I couldn't see a rod. The reds was shouting to each other and making ready to close in when I heard a white man yellin. I couldn't see what took place, but I know how it was just the same. That man and those dudes was out on a horse huntin' jackass rabbits, and Jim ran across him and told him how I was fixed and asked him to ride for help. What do you think the damned cuss did?"

"Rode for home!"

"Not much! He rode for me! He'd never seen a war Indian in his life, and Jim told him that was a full dozen arse me, but it made no difference. He comes up on a dead run, yellin and shoutin, and I'll chaw my hat if he didn't lay out two of the critters and kill a pony after they could get away. He sailed right in so mighty hard that they thought he had a big crowd behind him. That tar beetle dude with soft hands and puny arms lifted me onto his horse and rode to my ranch and then heads a crowd back and runs them reds' eleven miles and kills another."

"Why, damn me! he got two ponies out of that scrap, and he gathered up some wapumts, bows, arrows, tomahawks, knives and such than any six of us had collected in five years. When I got about a helped him to box and ship 'em to some club in New York. 'Pears to me it was sumthin like the Manhattan club. Leastwise, it had a 'larnal longish name, and the fellow was a member."

"And you came to like him?"

"Say! He run hev all I've got in this world any time to save for it. I made a big mistake sartin him up. He could beat any of us with the pistol, and the fellow who took hold of him for a rascal was throwed sky high before he could bite his backer. He could run like a deer, outjump a kangaroo and we couldn't find a brachio who could back him off."

"And that's why you interferred, is it?"

"Exactly. Show me a dude and I'll back him. These boys ain't learned the difference between a dude and a feller yet, but I hev and I don't want no better chaps behind me in a pinch than dudes, 'specially New York dudes."—New York Herald.

To Take Off Old Paint.

It is very seldom now that you see a painter burn off old paint with a spirit lamp or torch, though there are still a few who stick to the old method. The easiest way to clean paint off wood, or even metal, is to mix lime and sal soda pretty thickly in water and then apply freely with a brush. After a short time the paint can be scraped off without difficulty. Any amateur can use this recipe; only a little care is advisable, as the mixture will remove skin from the hands or face even more rapidly than it will remove paint from wood or metal.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Absentminded Journalist.

Jim Fabergusier is one of the most industrious journalists in New York. He thinks of nothing but his professional duties.

One day his wife (to whom he was recently married) said to him:

"You don't speak to me any more. Have you ceased to love me?"

"Oh, no, but I just can't find time. I'm pressed for time."

"Yes, but I don't get pressed at all," responded the neglected wife. This well merited rebuke reminded the journalist of his obligations to his better half.

—Texas Sittings.

Midnight Philosophy.

Mrs. Squills—Quick! Quick! Walk up! I believe there are burglars down stairs. Go down and see.

Mrs. Squills (sleepily)—Nonsense! Nothing but the cat.

Mrs. S.—Hark! There! I know there are burglars down stairs.

Mrs. S. (nervously)—Well—if you know there are there's no use me going down to find out.—Tit-Bits.

The All Absorbing Question.

"Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" is said to have originated with the howling derelicts. A long suffering public, however, is not so much interested in knowing just where "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" began as it is in knowing just where it is going to stop.—Boston Globe.

A Useful Bird.

Paul (from the hammock)—Hattie, the boys are teaching your parrot to swear horribly.

Hattie—Please bring him into my room at once, dear; I have broken my suspender.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not So Bad After All.

Champ—How is Winter getting on? Waggie—Well, when last I saw him he hadn't a shirt to his back.

C—Poor fellow! Where did you see him?

W.—Bathing!—Tit-Bits.

The Old Style and the New.

The old time parent did not wear out the little breeches of his son. They were carefully removed before the wear and tear began.—Galveston News.

The Loving Process.

Oh, who should the spirit of mortal be proud?

With brains not intellect richly endowed, the weak one life but his joys.

Expecting at least to become president, but wrestling with life and its ills, how content if he settles his grocery bill.

—Kansas City Journal.

The railway mileage of Canada has just about doubled in the past ten years. In 1891 there were 7,290 miles of railway in the Dominion, and last year there were 14,000. The earnings last year were \$48,120,000, and the expenses \$31,990,149.

A gray-haired mother at Nevada, Mrs. having had two years carried off, buried them up, carried them home, dug a hole under the house and hid them.

Darwin has said that a large per cent. of all insect-eating flowers are white; now Michigan has proved that there are no poisonous sea plants.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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